

Mr. Baddely in the Character of Trinculo.



If thou be'st Stephano —

Published by D. Venman 1778.

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T E M P E S T.

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C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

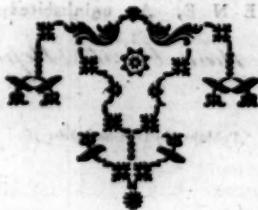
T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I M

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By SHAKESPEARE.

Shakspeare (W.) K



L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXVIII.

TEMPTE

Y. d. a. M. o.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO-

SEBASTIAN.

PROSPERO.

ANTHONIO.

FERDINAND.

GONZALO.

Francisco.

CALIBAN.

TRINCVULS

STEPHANO.

Boatswain.

MIRANDA.

ARIEL,

HYMEN, { Spirits.

CERES,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

S C E N E, An uninhabited Island.



Индексы

other people's in town and country.

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THE
TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard,
Shipmaster, and a Boatswain.

Mast. BOATSWAIN.—
Boats. Here, Master: what cheer?

Mast. Good; speak to th' mariners: fall to't
yarely, or we run ourselves aground: beffir, beffir.

[Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts: yare,
yare, take in the top-sail: tend to the master's
whistle; blow till thou burst thy wind, if room
enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, and
Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the
Master! Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the Master, Boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our la-
bour; keep your cabins: you do affist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence—what care these
roarers for the name of king? to cabin; silence;
trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None, that I more love than myself. You
are a counsellor; if you can command these ele-
ments to silence, and work the peace, o' the pre-
sent, we will not hand a rope more; use your au-
thority: If you cannot, give thanks you have lived
so long; and make yourself ready in your cabin for
the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly,
good hearts; out of our way, I say. [Exit.]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny
our cable, for our own doth little advantage; if he
be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast: yare, lower,
lower; bring her to try with main-course. A
plague upon this howling?— [A cry within.]

Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blas-
phemous, uncharitable dog.

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cut, hang; you whoreson, insolent,
noise-maker; we are less afraid to be drowned than
thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, though
the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as
leaky as an untaunched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses
off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a Part of the *Incubited Island,*
near the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them;
The sky, it seems, would pour down flinting pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd,
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of pow'r, I should
Have funk'd the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art; nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I'm more, or better,
Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me; so!

[Lays down his mantle.]
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The real virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there's no soul lost,
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betide to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink;
For thou must now know farther. [attend,

Mira. You have often
Began to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;

THE TEMPEST.

Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women, once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how
is it

That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else,
In the dark back-ward and abyse of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, Miranda; twelve
years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and thou his only heir,
A princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O, the Heav'ns!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antho-
nio——

I pray thee, mark me——(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first;
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study:) The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
And wrapt in secret studie. Thy false uncle——
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me, then.
He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact; like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling oft,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lye, he did believe.
He was, indeed, the duke; from substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates

(So dry he was for sway) wi'th King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the Heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then
If this might be a brother! [tell me

Mira. I should fin,

To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Pro. Now the condition:
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearks my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight,
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little farther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present busines,
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not

That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the busines; but
With colours fairer painted, their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcasse of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to figh
To th' winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from Heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops fall salt;
Under my burden groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what shoudl ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, attend——
And hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time

THE TEMPEST.

9

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'n thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir.

(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience,
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence,
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou canst not chuse—

[Aside.

[Miranda sleeps.

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready, now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail!
I come
To answer thy best pleasure: be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to a point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join, Jove's lightnings, the pre-
curfers

Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And fight out-running, were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphureous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coy
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, "Hell is empty,
" And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and fitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vext Bermudas, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet,
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Past the mid-season.
Pro. At least two glasses, the time 'twixt sun
and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now! moody!
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out! no more.
Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst pro-
To hate me a full year. [miser

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.
Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou
forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak;
Ari. Sir, in Argier. [tell me?
Pro. Oh, was she so! I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischief's manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by th' sailors; thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee;
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space the dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy
groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know it
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'rt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so: and, after two days,
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say, what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'th' sea,
Be subject to no sight, but mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.—

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake—

Mira. The strangeness of your story out
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
I'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on—

Pro. But as 'tis,
We cannot mis him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—[Exit Miranda.]—What, hoa;
flaue! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee.

Come, thou tortoise! when—

Enter Ariel, like a Water Nymph.
Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark, in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

[self,
Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All-exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place, and fer-
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you fly me,
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' isle.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have
us'd thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh, ho; ho, ho!—I would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave!
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee, each
hour,

One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick (thou wert best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly,
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts should tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! [Exit severally.

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible, playing and
singing.

A R I E L's SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take bands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kisst,
The wild waves whist;
Foot is feath'ly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

[Burden dispersedly.
Hark, hark, bongh-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-waugh.

Ari. Hark, hark, I bear
The strain of strutting chanticlere,
Ciy, cock-a-doodle-do.

A Dance of Spirits.

Fer. Where should this music be? i'th' air, or
earth?

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o'th' isle. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have swallow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me, rather—but 'tis gone.

[Music plays.
No, it begins again.

A R I E L's SONG.

Full fatbom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nympbs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them; ding-dong, bell.

[Burden; ding-dong.
Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns. [Music again.] I hear it now
above me. [Exit Ferd. and Ariel.

THE TEMPEST.

7

SCENE, another Part of the Island.
Enter Ariel and Ferd. on one side; and Prospero
and Miranda on the other.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But is't a spirit?

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such fenses.

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'lt
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.]
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
Within two days for this. [thee]

Fer. Most sure, the goddes's
On whom these airs attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this island:
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! Heav'n's!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The king, my father, wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the duke of
And his brave son, being twain. [Milan]

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more brave daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do.—At the first sight [To Ariel.]
They have chang'd eyes—

A word, good Sir;
I fear you've done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? this
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more—
They're both in either's power: but this swift bus-
ness [Aside.]

I must uneasy make, left too light winning
Make the prize light.—Sir, one word more; I charge
That thou attend me—thou dost here usurp [thee]
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair an house, [temple]
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;

Sea-water shalt thou drink: thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscled, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a faw, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possest'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father. [Kneels.]

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? Hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey;

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth,
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou hast done well, fine Ariel:) follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt do me. [To Ariel.]

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.]



A C T II.

SCENE, another Part of the Island.
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo and
Francisco.

Gon. B ESECH you, Sir, be merry: you have

cause (So have we all) of joy! for our escape

Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,

The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,

(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prythee, peace.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Marred my daughter there! For, coming thence, My son is lost.

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the forges under him, And ride upon their backs; his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes, To th' shore: I not doubt He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; [ter, Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other By all of us; and the fair foul herself, [wife, Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have [son, More widows in them, of this busines's making, Than we bring men to comfort them: The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o'th' loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness, And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

Alon. Still let me hope. Good Francisco, look Out again, scout round the rocks, and bring my Heart some comfort with my son. [Exit Francis.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord, And were a king on't, what would I do? I would with such perfection govern, Sir, T'excel the golden age.

Alon. Pg'ythee, no more—Thou dost talk Nothing to me—Let us sit down upon This bank, and rest our sorrows.

Gon. I will, my lord; for I am very heavy.

[They lie down upon the bank.

Seb. Please you, Sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord, Will guard your person, while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy—

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.

[Soft music is played.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possessest them!

Ant. It is the quality o'th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble: They fell together all as by consent, They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more. And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee, My strong imagination sees a crown [and Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep; Seb. Prythee, say on; The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed, Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:

Will you grant, with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me

Who's the next heir of Naples!

Seb. What mean you?

Ant. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse Than now they are: there be that can rule Naples As well as he that sleeps.

O, that you bore

The mind that I do; what a sleep was this

For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments fit upon me, Much fitter than before. My brother's servants Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?

Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan, Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!

Here lies your brother—

No better than the earth he lies upon, If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it, Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus, To the perpetual wink for eye might put This ancient morse, this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy cafe, dear friend, Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan, I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st, And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And, when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth (For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the king!

[They wake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake! why are you Wherefore this ghastly looking?

[drawn?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose, Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,

Like bulls or rather lions; did not wake you?

THE TEMPEST

9

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear; To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a hummimg, And that a strange one too, which did awake me. I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn; there was a noife, That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard; Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make far- For my poor son. [ther search

Gon. Heav'n keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E changes to another Part of the Island. Enter Caliban, with a burden of Wood; a noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch, Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire, Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark, Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me. Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me, And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometimes am I All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat; Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i'th' wind: yon same black cloud, yon huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yon same cloud cannot chuse but fall by paifuls—What have we here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, Poor John: a strange fish! Were I in England now, as 'once I was, and had but this fish painted, not an holiday-fool there, but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter, hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, Singing.

Step. I shall no more to sea, to sea; here shall I die afores.

This is a very scury tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [Drinks; then sings.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I, The gunner, and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Masery, But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tangy,

Would cry to a sailor, go hang;

She lov'd not the favour of tar nor of pitchy.

Yet a taylor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scury tune, too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Step. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of Inde! ha? I have not scaf'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Step. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got; as I take it, an ague where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wifest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy tremblings, now Prosper works upon thee.

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

Step. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to spate, foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague come; Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Step. Dost thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Step. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'st thou to the siege of this moon-calf? can be vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke; and art thou living, Stephano? O, Stephano, two Neapolitan scap'd!

Step. Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites; that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him.

Step. How didst thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Step. Here! swear, then, how escap'st thou?

Trin. Swam afores, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Step. Here, kis the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-fide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine age?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Step. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Step. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon, with new contents: swear.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' isle, and I will kiss thy foot, I pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve;

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmazet: I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Step. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear a bottle; fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.] Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fis,

Nor fetch in firing at requiring,

Nor scrape tember, nor wash dish,

Ban' Ban', Cacalyban,

Has a new master; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Step. O, brave monster, lead the way.

[Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E, before Prospero's Cell.

Ferdinand discover'd, bearing a Log.

For THERE be some sports are painful, but

their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergoen, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be

As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but

The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasure: O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness Had ne'er like executor; I forget; But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour, Most busyles me when I do it.

Enter Miranda.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoined to pile: Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O, most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that; I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature, I'd rather crack my finewes, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me, As well as it does you; and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you, (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers) What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father!

I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! full many a lady I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues Have I lik'd several women, never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil. But you, O you, So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save from my glafs mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men, than you, good friend, And my dear father: how features are abroad, I'm skill-less of; but, by my modesty, (The jewel in my dower) I would not wish Any companion in the world, but you; Nor can imagination form a shape, Besides yourself, to like of.

Fer. I am, in my condition, A prince; Miranda; I do think, a king; (I would, not so!) and would no more endure This wooden slavery, than I would suffer The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak; The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service, there resides To make me slave to it, and for your sake, Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true; if hollowly, invert What best is boded to me, to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, basiful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now,
Till half an hour hence. [farewell,

Fer. A thousand, thousand. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Step. Tell not me; when the butt is out we
will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear
up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster; the folly of this island!
they say there's but five upon this isle; we are
three of them; if the other two be brain'd like
us, the state totters.

Step. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues, off and on; by this light, thou shalt be
my lieutenant, mons'r, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard.

Step. We'll not run, monsieur mons'r.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs,
and yet say nothing neither.

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy
shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lyest, most ignorant monster; I am
in case to jostle a constable; why, thou debosh'd
fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath
drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a
monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a
monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him,
my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! That a monster should
be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in thy head;
if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor
monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indig-
nity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to
thee?

Step. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a ty-

rant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated
me of the island.

Ari. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would my valiant master would destroy thee;
I do not ly'e.

Step. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,)
But this thing dares not—

Step. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Step. How now shall this be compassed? canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lyest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this! thou scurvy patch!
—I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take this bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Step. Trinculo, run no farther danger: interrupt
the monster one word farther, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a
Rock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
farther off.

Step. Didst thou not say he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lyest.

Step. Do I so? take you that. [Beats him.
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lye; out o' your
wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This
can sack and drinking do.—A murrain, you monster,
and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee,
stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I'th' afternoon, to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first feiz'd his books; or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember
First to possest his books; for without them
He's but a fot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them,)
Which when he has an houfe he'll deck withal,
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greatest does the least.

Step. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Aye, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen, save our graces; and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
but while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep? Wilt thou destroy him then?

Step. Ay, on my honour.

Cal. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy request, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.] Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the Tune on a Lute and Pipe.]

Step. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture-of-nobody.

Step. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in the likeneſſ; if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgiue my ſins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Step. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the ille is full of noises, Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thouſand twanging instruments Will hum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices; That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep, Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming, The clouds, methought, will open, and ſhew riches Ready to drop upon me; then, when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

Step. That muſt be, by-and-by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Step. Lead, monſter; we'll follow. I would I could ſee this taboror. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E changes to another Part of the Island,
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no farther, Sir, My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-right's and meanders! by your pa- I needs muſt reſt me. [tience,

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſſ, To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt. E'en her'e I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd; Whom thus we ſray to find, and the ſea mocks Our fruitſte ſearch on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's fo out of hope. Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe That you reſolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night; For, now they are opprefſ'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance As when they're fresh.

Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange Muſic.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſic!

Gon. Give us kind keepers, Heaven! what were these? [A dance of fantastic spirits.

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia, There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix At this hour reiſhing there.

Ant. I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did ly, Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples I ſhould report this now, would they believe me? If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch islanders, (For, certes, there are people of the island) Who, tho' they are of monſt'rous ſhape, yet, note, Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of Our human generation you ſhall find Many; nay, almost any.

Alon. I cannot too much muſe, Such ſhapes, ſuch gesture, and ſuch ſound, expressing (Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind Of excellent dumb diſcourse.

Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely. [Thunder. Two Devils riſe out of the Stage, with a Table de- corated.

Seb. No matter, ſince They've left their viands behind; for we have ſto- Will't please you taste of what is here? [machs.

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed, Although my laſt; no-matter, ſince I feel The beſt is paſt. Brother, my lord the dulce, Stand to, and do as we.

[The Devils vaniſh with the Table.

[Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny The never-ſurfeited ſea Hath cauſed to belch up: and on this iſland, Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongt men Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad; And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown Their proper ſelves.

[Alon. &c. draw their ſwords.] Ye fools! I and my ſeſſors Are minifters of fate; the elements, Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs, Kill the ſill-cloſing waters, as diſminiſh One down that's in my plume: my fellow-minifters Are like invulneraſe. If you could hurt, Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your strengths, And will not be up-lifted. But remember, (For that's my buſineſſ to you) that you three From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero; Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed, The powers delaying, not forgetting, have Incenſ'd the ſea and shores, yea, all the creatures, Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, Alonſo, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me, Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend You and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from, (Which here in this moſt deſolate ille elfe falls Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's ſorrow, And a clear-life enſuing. [Exit Ariel.

Gon. I th' name of ſomething hoſtly, Sir, why In this strange ſtate?

[Stand you] *Alon.* O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous! Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it; The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounce'd
The name of Prosper: it did bals my trespass.
Therefore, my son i'th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie madded. [Exit.]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gin to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That aie of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

SCENE, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life;
Or that for which I live: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find, she will out-strip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition,
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,
With full and holy rite, be minister'd,
No sweet affusions shall the heav'n-s let fall,
To make this contrast grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall betrofit
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaneer fellows your last ser-
vice

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place;
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple,
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ariel sings.

A I R.

Before you can say, Come, and go;
And breathe twice, and cry, So, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow,
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Why, that's my delicate Ariel; do not ap-
proach

Till thou dost hear me call. [Exit Ariel.]

—Loek, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart,
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [To Ferdinand.]

[Soft music.]

M A S Q U E. Enter Juno.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Hibers, Hymen, speed your way,
Celebrate this happy day;
Hibers, Ceres, baste away,
Celebrate this happy day:
With blitheosome look, and jocund mien,
Come, and tread this short grass green;
Leave behind your grief and care,
Come, and blest this happy pair.

Enter Hymen and Ceres.

Hym. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon ye,
Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

Cer. Fairib's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;

Vines in clus'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burdens bowing.

Both. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon ye,
Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

D U E T.

Cer. Scarcity and want shall sour ye,
Ceres sings her blessings on ye.

Hym. Hourly joys be still upon ye,
Hymen sings his blessings on ye.

R E C I T A T I V E.

You sun-burn'd fickle men, of August weary,
Come bitter from the furrow, and be merry,

D U E T.

Hymen and Ceres.

Away, away, make holiday,

Your rye-straw bats put on;

Bring each his lafa, and beat the grass;

Let toil and care be gone.

Enter ce-tain Reapers, properly habited; they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards
the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and
speaks.

Pro. Break off, break off,
I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confed-rates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

[Exeunt Dancers, &c.]

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some
That works him strongly. [passion.]

Mira. Never till this day,

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a moy'd sort,

As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, Sir: Our revels now are ended. These our actors, As I foretold you, were all spirits, and Are melted into air, into thin air: And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded, The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve; And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leave not a rack behind!—Sir, I am vex'd; Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled; Be not disturb'd with my infirmity; If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell, And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, To still my beating mind.

Per. Mira. We wish your peace.

[Exit Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. Come, with a thought—I thank you—

Ariel—come.

Prospero comes forward; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy plea-

Pro. Spirit, [sure:

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres, I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these var- lets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For killing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor; At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears, Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses, As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears, That calf-like, as they lowing follow'd, through Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, prickling galls, and thorns, Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left them I'th' filthily mantled pool, beyond your cell.

Pro. This was well done, my bird; Thy shape invisible retain thou still; The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither, For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And, as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers; I will plague them all, Even to roaring; come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all quiet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Step. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Step. So is mine—Do you hear, monster? if I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still; Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak All's haut as midnight yet. [softly,

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting; yet

this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet; seest thou here, This is the mouth o'th' cell; no noise, and enter; Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,

For ay thy foot-licker,

Step. Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody thoughts,

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery—O, King Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Step. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pals of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some line upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barpaces, or apes,

With foreheads villainous low.

Step. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this. [Thunder,

Enter divers Spirits; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, driven out, roaring.

Pro. Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [Roaring within,

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour, Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;

Shortly shall all my labours end; and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little, Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

A C T V.

S C E N E, before the Cell.

Enter Prospero, in his magic Robes, and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head; My charms crack not; my spirits obey,

and time

Goes upright with his carriage; how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, all prisoners, Sir,
in the Lime-Grove which weather-sends your cell.
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distract'd;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old Lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
'em,

That if you now behold them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling,
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Thou' with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther; go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves,

And ye, that on the fanks with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pa-

time

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth,
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly music, which e'en now I do,
(To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for,) I'll break my staff;
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso, Gonzalo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Francisco. They all enter the Circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

There stand,

For you are spell-stopt.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to th' shew of thine,
Fall fellow drops—The charm dissolves apace;
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chace the ign'rant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason.—Sir—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother, was a furtherer in this act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks foul, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me my hat and rapier in my cell;
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime, Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

[Prospero goes in.

Ariel sings.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry,
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Enter Prospero, dressed.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall misse
But yet thou shalt have freedom. [thee;
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep,
Under the hatches; the master and boathawain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

[Exit.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-

ment,

Inhabit here; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body.

Alon. Be'ft thou he or no,

Or some enchanted trifler to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should Pres-
Be living, and be here?

[pero
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.
For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive.
Thy rankest faults, all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'ft Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who, three hours since,
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have left
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pro. As great to me; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O, Heav'ns! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howso'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know, for certain,
That I am Pro'spo, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Besetting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

S C E N E opens to the Entrance of the Cell.
Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at Chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
And I would call it fair play. [wrangle,

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I've curs'd them without cause. [Ferd. kneels.

Alon. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compas thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here?

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maj'd, with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld' & acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is the the goddes that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Reciev'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's;

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I -

Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've only wept,
Or should have spoke, ere this. Look down, you
And on this couple drop a blessed crown; [gods,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo!

Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gen. Be't so, amen!

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
Not an oath on shore?

Haft thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave our split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
then,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hi-
ther?

Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches;
Where but e'en now, with strange and sev'ral noises,
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty;
Where we, all in her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
E'en in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this busines, more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangenes of this busines; at pickt leisure,
(Which shall be shortly) singe I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell.—How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet misfifling of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Step. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Coragio, bully-master, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O, Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chaffe me.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

THE TEMPEST.

17

Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them,
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should
they

Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Step. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano,
but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king o'th' isle, firrah?

Step. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: go, firrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handfomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double afa
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highnes, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials,
Of these our dear beloved, solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off—My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Pleas you, draw near.

[*Exeunt quatuor.*]



ГЛАВА III

7 MA 55